

COLLEGE CHEER

GET A HEALTHFUL HOBBY — PLAY SOME GAME.

VOL. XII. ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE, WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 21, 1920 No.6.

ST. JOE LOSES HARD GAME TO THE DENTALS

36 — 26.
32

ST. JOE CRUSHES Y.M.P.C. 38 — 24.

Lafayette furnishes fast, exciting game.

St. Joe's doughty warriors came on the floor on the 22nd determined to win, and keep their slate clean. How well they did their work the score shows. The game was fast and furious from the start, but St. Joe, by superior teamwork, out-classed the visitors. Wellman started the scoring with one of his one handed shots, and the rest of the team followed suit. For about ten minutes the Y. M. P. C. failed to score, but managed to gather eight points before the first half ended. Score 19 — 8.

At the beginning of the second half Brady went in as forward in place of Rose, who was disabled. The teams started off at a fast clip again, and kept it up throughout the half. The Y. M. P. C. came back strong, Ricks and Cain especially causing a great deal of trouble to our men. Brady was the scoring hero of the second half, caging six baskets; Wellman, Tony and Pete as usual played the floor and were right there whenever it was necessary. Scheidler played his usual good guarding game. Final score, 38 to 24.

Lineup.

St. Joe.		Y. M. P. C.
Rose	R. F.	Pawlak
A. Schaefer	L. F.	Kallmeyer
Wellman	C.	Ricks
O'Brien	R. G.	Tengen
Scheidler	L. G.	Kallmeyer

Substitutes: Brady for Rose. Cain for Pawlak. Dienhart for Kallmeyer.

Referee, Potkotter, Timekeeper, E,Laux, Score-keeper, C. Hession.

ENTERTAINED BY MAGICIAN.

Mr. Irving, a reader and magician of no mean ability, is the second to appear in our auditorium for this novel sort of entertainment. His performance was essentially for our amusement, consisting, as it did, of a variety of ways and means of producing laughter. Beginning his program with a few humorous selections, he gained the attention of his audience for his heavier work. His tricks in magic, carried on with the very usual assistance of the small boy in the front row, formed the greater part of the evening's entertainment. The little witticisms — kindly enough, though not always the most complimentary to his audience — which Mr. Irving threw in between his stunts helped to make his program one of the most pleasing event of the year.

The old jinx still seems to be on St. Joe's trail; for although the team played a snappy game at Indianapolis last Sat. night the Dentals managed somehow to put it over on them. St. Joe did not seem to have the punch to come from behind in the last few minutes. The team received great support from the alumni who were out in force. The Varsity didn't put up the game it plays on its own floor, handicapped again by the strange and small floor.

"Pete" O'Brien started the scoring for St. Joe by making a free throw and following it up with a field goal. We lost the lead early in the game, but were within one point of the Dental five until a few minutes before the end of the first half, when the Tooth Pullers pulled three sensational shots, putting them in the lead 18 — 11.

St. Joe came back in the second half determined to win, and went at it with a will. Soon the score stood 18 — 15. The Dentals began to locate the basket after this, keeping just far enough ahead of our team to win the game. The Varsity worked hard but had tough luck in hitting the basket. Final score 32 — 26. O'Brien, Schaefer and Wellman played the game for St. Joe. O'Brien made 16 out of our twenty six points. Tony uncorked a long shot for the entire length of the floor. Wellman played a good floor game. Rose was disabled again, Brady taking his place in the second half. Scheidler played a good game at guard.

A game such as this was certainly a hard one to lose, but we have one consolation, we will meet them again. We should have no trouble in walloping the Dentals on our floor. Besides, by that time Coach Heine of Purdue will have the team whipped into proper shape, ready to tackle anybody or anything.

Lineup.

St. Joe.		Dental College.
Schaefer	Forward	Reeve
Rose	Forward	McPherson
Wellman	Center	Havens
O'Brien	Guard	Witter
Scheidler	Guard	McCarthy

Substitutions. Brady for Rose.

Field goals. Reeve 5, McPherson 5, Havens 4, Witter 1, O'Brien 5, Schaefer 3, Wellman 2.

ST. JOE DROPS ONE TO Y. M. P. C.

St. Joe's Varsity five lost for the first time this season Tuesday night to Y. M. P. C. 29 — 21. The game was fast from the start, the Y. M. P. C. showing a very decided improvement over their work here before the holidays. St. Joe was ham-

pered by the size of the floor, but played a strong game nevertheless.

St. Joe started the scoring, Rose making a basket soon after the first tip off. The Y. M. P. C. came back with a basket by Brown whose accurate shooting in the first half decided the game. Numerous fouls were called on St. Joe during this half. Score, end of first half, 18 — 6.

St. Joe came back strong in the second half, outplaying the Y. M. P. C. throughout the period. Their teamwork was more noticeable during the second half, after they became more familiar with the floor. Brady going in for Rose caged three baskets; Wellman and O'Brien also located the basket during this half. Schaefer played the floor, and was great on the defense. Scheidler also played a good game. In the closing minutes of play, St. Joe played the real game, but the gong ended the affair before the big lead could be overcome. Final score, Y. M. P. C. 29 — St. Joe 21.

Lineup.

St. Joe		Y. M. P. C.
Schaefer	F.	Dienhart
Rose	F.	Brown
Lange	C.	Ricks
O'Brien	G.	Tengen
Wellman	G.	Kallmeyer

Subs. B. Kallmeyer for Dienhart; Scheidler for Lange; Brady for Rose. Field Goals—Dienhart 2; Brown 4; Ricks 4; Tengen 1; B. Kallmeyer 1; Rose 2; O'Brien 1; Wellman 3; Brady 3; Free Throws—Brown 5 out of 10; O'Brien 3 out of 6; Brady missed one. Referee, Cosby, Purdue. Scorekeeper C. Hession; Timekeeper, Gaul.

The third meeting of the Athletic Association for 1919-1920 was held last Sunday, January 11, in the Upper Study Hall, for the purpose of electing new officers for the ensuing term. The following were elected:

President, Ferdinand Wellman,
Secretary, Paul Cox,
Treasurer, Jacob Harber.

Baseball Manager, Ernest Laux. After a few timely remarks by the Rev. Director, the meeting adjourned.

The Senior League teams finally went into action last week. The Commercials and Senior were the first teams to clash this season, the Seniors emerging victorious 23—11.

The managers of the Senior teams are as follows. Seniors, Jacob Harber. IV Latins, Alvin Hegman. III Latins, Charles Thieme. Commercials, Urban Goettemoeller.

The Junior League under the guidance of Joe Linder, was organized before Christmas, the following being selected managers: Eisenhauer, Tossers; Verhoven, Marines; Scheer, Owls; Conway, Indians; O'Keefe, Em Roes; Mattingly, Mohawks.

The Midget League was also organized under the following managers: Rotterman, Vogel, Quinlisk, and Parker.

The Academics also opened this week. The Academic League is the largest in the school at present, comprising six teams of ten men each, the managers are: A. Heiman, Metzger, Ebertshaeuser, Jaeger, Minneman, and Hoelker.

3rd. and 4th. Latins in hard Battle.

Staging a lightning Rally in the last few minutes of play the 3rd. Latins came from behind and defeated the highly touted 4ths. in their first league encounter of the season. With score 15—12 favor the 4ths and but two minutes to play the 3rds. fought like wild. Caging a short and following it up in the last ten seconds with a long sensational one from the middle of the floor, they literally snatched the game from the fire.

From the blow of the first whistle the game was a whirl wind of passing, shooting and guarding. The 3rds. led in scoring for the first ten minutes, but after that the 4ths. took the lead through their superior teamwork, and held it up until the last few minutes of play, when luck and wild playing of the 3rds. took not only the lead but the game from them. The battle was a heartbreaker for the 4ths. to lose, as they seem to have the material for a real pennant winning team. Reed and Hegman played a stellar game for the losers, Hegman being the leading point getter, while Reed his runing mate played a clever floor game.

For the thirds Kallal and Arnold were in the limelight and did practically all the scoring for their quintet. These two speedy forwards will make a lot of trouble for the senior guards when these two teams clash. Dowling played a hard game at guarding for the 3rds.

The game was surely a thriller and it looks as if the fur will fly for sure when the 3rds. take on the Seniors.



NOT AN AD, BUT ADVICE.

The college library has an excellent array of magazines. But there is one of these between two green covers, unnoticed, and we fear, unread. It is the "Congressional Record." Speaking from a student's viewpoint, it could be said there is no reading so helpful, informing, and (what may appear surprising) so interesting as that found in this publication. The government itself prints it and sends it out as a reference pamphlet both for the public and for Congress. Why not take advantage of this daily encyclopedia of political agitations? Did you ever know that Uncle Sam meditates purchasing Lower California and Mexican Sonora? Did you know that the Japanese Exclusion Bill rode thru on the evidence our officials served against Japan's intrigues in this country?

All this is in print, handy, well-told in the "Record." Listen to the speeches of the brainiest and most dignified Senate the world knows. Learn how the two houses proceed, follow their sharp, unstudied debates. Get inside information on politics, government, economics.

Could a student miss all this? Not the real student. And it is not necessary to peruse it daily; that's only for the Senators. But taking it up say, at least twice a week, would give you a broad view of all the pending problems of the week. Our Senate is active; a new "Record" comes in every day. Start in this week, start today!

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STAFF

CARL GAUL, Editor-in-chief,
LEO PURSLEY, Associate Editor,
FRANCIS WEISS, Associate Editor,
JAMES O'BRIEN, Manager.

"WE KNOCK TO BOOST"

ADDRESS

EDITOR COLLEGE CHEER,
COLLEGEVILLE, INDIANA

Wednesday, January 21, 1920.

EDITORIALS.

We have just returned from our Christmas vacation. Most of us no doubt witnessed at least one game, be it between high school or independent teams in our home-town basket-ball halls. Granted that you cheered enthusiastically enough, considering a stubborn loyalty with often a partial genius to a team that bears the colors of your Alma Mater; but did not the sight of your puny home-town floor almost take the heart out of your heartiness? High schools have a right to pride themselves on their private gyms, but many of their basket-ball halls fall far short of our ideal of a place where that popular game may be played with full justice to its qualities as a sport. A room, from all appearances designed strictly for basket-ball, which may be turned into an auditorium when the theatrical schedule demands it; where anyone may shuffle across the floor in hob-nailed boots, to make the case extremely agricultural; where youngsters may take the liberty to shoot craps as well as baskets, where the perspiring athletes are forever falling, per force, into the laps of the fair side-line rooters; where a player of the least promising demensions may shoot from one goal to the other with little physical exertion—let us hope these are not fortes to favor the construction of any more such halls. We should rather think that such a place is a distraction for the indifferent and a kill-joy for the enthusiast. It is hard for us to see how the idea of a dinky floor is compatible with clean-cut, snappy, uninterrupted play.

If it is natural for things to shine by contrast, how did your home-town gym serve as a reminder of the advantages you have here in possessing the floor of quantity and quality that our's is? Even the ancient idea of a room certainly did not exclude the enclosure of four walls. Civilization and progress have brought improvements, but hardly in this. Why should a basket-ball hall be an exception to the rule, until proved such by a superior absence of four walls. It is an old defense of the "out-of-bounds" system, to show the very prob-

able danger of physical injury against the walls. We grant this probability, which may even be for some heartless spectator one attraction of the game, but we contend that both probability and possibility are greatly lessened, if not lost, by the fact that even in the heat of the contest, the general consciousness that those four walls are there with their foreboding hardness is a kind of salutary warning to each player. "Rough stuff" is far more prominently the characteristic of some teams we have seen, that spent their whole athletic career on a floor where "out-of-bounds" is necessarily in vogue.



MR. GRIFFITH WITH US AGAIN.

Mr. C. E. W. Griffith is not a stranger to most of us; and it is for the younger students to acquaint themselves with the character of his work. He is a Shakesperean reader in the truest sense of the word, bringing to Collegeville a profound understanding of Shakespeare, and a sympathetic characterization of the great dramatist's men and women. The members of English IV had a rare privilege in hearing a dramatic interpretation of "Twelfth Night," the comedy they are now studying. Sir Toby on the stage, as Mr. Griffith portrays him, is assuredly not the Sir Toby of the class room. Here is the advantage. Your appreciation of Shakespeare grows with the heightened conception of his characters, such as Mr. Griffith is able to impart. And, after all, even a superficial appreciation of Shakespeare means a great deal more to every student than a few words here can express. In the face of some little national antipathy we often throw our boast of possessing the world's greatest poet. The boast is pardonable enough, even commendable, if it is the measure of our endeavor to read, grasp, appreciate, Shakespeare. It is certainly worth while, then, to consider Mr. Griffith as a great help in the progress of this endeavor. We know, of course, that even a suggestion of antiquity is received with anything but enthusiasm by the most of us. We are continually crying for the "latest out" in music, plays, and especially jokes. But we have laughed at the rogue Sir Toby, and the prig Malvolio; we would respond with equal attention to the tragic element in Lear or Hamlet. Shakespeare is not ancient; and it takes just such work as Mr. Griffith's to remove our false notion that he is.



The C. L. S., in its first meeting, after the New Year, elected new officers for the ensuing term. The election was a more spirited one than usual, several of the candidates requiring two ballots to be elected. The meeting was marked by outbursts of oratory and by the general good feeling which pervaded the atmosphere. Those fortunate enough to be elected were as follows: President, Thomas Flynn. Vice-President, Francis McCormick. Secretary, Charles Feltes. Critic Joseph Duenser. Treasurer, Anthony Wolf.

Executive Committee: Carl Gaul, Aloysius Dirksen and Francis Miller, Sr.

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C. L. S. PROGRAM.

For the third time this season the C. L. S. presented a public program, and for the third time achieved a triumph. A spirit of cheerfulness, yes of hilarity seemed to envelop the student body, which spirit seemed to be transmitted to the players, who, rising to the occasion, furnished a program as delightful, joyously full of fun, as has been seen here in many a day.

The first man to appear was Carl Holsinger, who delivered a selection entitled "How Christmas came to the Shute," a pathetic piece, which was well received by the audience, all of whom were filled with the idea of Christmas. Following him, Rohling delivered another selection, entitled "The Monk's Magnificat," which earned the applause of the audience. The third number on the program, a humorous dialogue between Honningford and La Mere, was the hit of the evening. The diminutive Jospeh, with his snappy chatter led Hotfoot on, who made good use of his natural talents, consisting of a charming lisp, a good understanding, and withal surpassing gracefulness; Hotfoot's makeup also was something wonderful to behold. The jokes this pair cracked, and the songs they sang, were delivered with a snap and punch hitherto but rarely heard on our stage. Followed a debate between Messrs. Duenser and Dirksen, on government control of public utilities, in which Mr. Duenser ably demonstrated his ability. Mr. Dirksen was somewhat off color, but at times displayed the spirit for which he is noted. The final number was a farce entitled "Captain Kidd," in which Potkotter and Linder, as farmers, and Wellman, as an actor impersonating Captain Kidd, had the main parts. Anthony Schaefer and Tom Flynn also did their work well. Linder was the big surprise of the evening, promising, when Potkotter has left our midst, to take upon his shoulders all parts requiring a farmer's makeup and a Yankee whine. Potkotter made his usual good appearance. Wellman was so ferocious an individual that perhaps Linder's fright was not entirely feigned.

Spike: Why don't you get sense?

Mike: Why, he matched all his cents.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LEAD PENCIL.

I am now lying on my side in a dark corner of a waste paper box trying to write the story of my life on the bits of paper around me.

I was at one time a beautiful yellow pencil about eight inches long, with a dark colored tin top, on which a red rubber cap was held in place by a series of grooves. I had six sides. On one of them was printed the words, Eberhard Faber, U.S. A. 482, No. 3. I felt very proud of this writing and often talked about it to my fellow pencils.

One day while I was talking to a penholder that was in the box next to me, I was picked up and handed to a small boy who thrust me into his pocket. I did not know what to think at first, it all happened so suddenly. Just as I was beginning to get my thoughts collected, I was taken out of the pocket and thrown into a desk. I thought the fall would break me to pieces but much to my surprise it did not.

Within the desk there was a great number of books, whose names I do not remember; also another pencil and penholder. The pencil was about half as tall as I was and his name was "Mikado." He was a happy fellow, and it did not take long until we were very good friends. But after a week or so "Mikado" disappeared and I never heard what became of him.

About an hour after my arrival at the desk my owner took me up and began to whittle at me. I did not like this at all and I think he must have known it for he stopped in a little while and put me back into the desk. I had been talking with Mikado for about five minutes when my owner took me up again and began to write with me. This was my first experience at real work. It made me dizzy at first, for my owner was a rapid writer but I soon got used to it. Since that time my tasks have been extremely heavy. Sometimes I was used to write a composition, again to work a problem and for all the other chores a pencil must do. I grew smaller day by day. It seems to me that it was mostly due to overwork.

After I had been in my owner's service for about three weeks another pencil was brought to the desk. He received the very same treatment I had to endure. I knew my end was not far off

for I was getting to be quite tiny. This morning my owner got angry at me and threw me into the waste paper box before I had time to say good-bye to my dear old friend the pen-holder. One of the pieces of paper at the top of the box just now said, he saw the janitor coming, so I shall probably be burned with the paper, but I know I have fulfilled my mission; therefore I shall resign myself to whatever is in store for me.

Farewell.

Weather Forecast for Jan. 28, 1920.

Cloudy in upper portions. Rain in some quarters accompanied by violent storms, without any lightning, however. A general gloom is predicted by the catalogue to cover a period of three days and about three hundred students in Collegeville.

A BALLAD OF THE TONGUE.

Forever if the sun of life

Should flicker on me here,

Would still my tongue's poor petty strife

Go from year to year?

My tongue 'tis lengthy, thick and tough,

Elastic is its bent.

Its fibre like the woolen stuff

For three and thirty cent.

It rattles with the cannon's roar,

It sounds above the gale,

And when the wolf is at my door

It makes the poor brute quail.

It rises in the senate hall

Of factory, field and home,

To vindicate the rights of all

As Brutus did of Rome.

It preaches to the younger set

The wisdom of the wise,

And teaches them the etiquette

For eating raisin pies.

It chatters on the daily theme

Of love and politics,

And generates the proper steam

When things are out of fix.

From morn till noon and noon till night

Its forces never fail

To paint the village gossip bright

With many a juicy tale.

And yet for faithful service done

In sermon, song, and story,

No golden medal has it won

To mark its passing glory.

Enamoured of its liberty

It is the sharpest sword,

The cheapest tool the knavery

Of folly can afford.

Yet one thing only has it struck —

The self-defenseless air,

And like as not it never stuck

In anythink elsewhere.

Parody on Longfellow's "Arrow and Song"

I let a feather float in the air;

It fell alright, but gosh if I know where,

'Cause it went so blamed fast, I'll bet

You'd never find it if you wuz lookin' yet.

Another time I wuz hummin' a song

Picked up somewhere: it wuzn't very long,

Seems ter me like I wuz singin' it wrong,

Fer nobody else wuz singin' along.

But by gum, about a year after that

I found the feather stuck in a lady's hat!

And that song, — why they wuz all jazzin' it

From beginning to end! — Made a great old hit.

F. W.

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ELPY'S CORRESPONDENCE,

the letters of a lad in his first year at college, will appear in this column every successive issue of the "Cheer."

Dear Uncle John:—

You know I'm here at college now, a'plucking fruit from wisdom's bough, or stealing frowns from wisdom's brow, — no doubt it's all the same if you can make things tally with your view. And so I thought I'd try to write a couple lines or two tonight, to let you know what sort of school I'm at, and how's a general rule, affairs are turning with me here in this scholastic atmosphere.

Well, everything is running nice and smooth as glass and slick as ice, except for now and then a rub that comes most usual in the grub, which after all's much better than the eats I bought at Darby's stan': and thought was swell, when ma was gone and left the cupboard bare as bone. But as I started in to say, some trouble's bound to come my way. And if it comes maybe because I've fractured all the Prefect's laws, why then I've got a chance to learn how much a little fire can burn. For here, you know, a moonlight hale, or letter through the city mail, it's natural needs the chastening rod to make you promise, word or nod, that pleasure bought for cash in pain don't fit a student's sort of brain.

Now that's all more or less the fate of anyone that won't keep straight. But let me strike a brighter theme, and write you all about our team. (I tell you uncle, it's a dream). They've got the "Speed" they've got the "Step" and everything that makes a rep. But later on I'll tell you more about the games and final score. For now my time's most occupied with getting things in shape to ride right through my Latin A, B. C's and come out with a grade to please the folks at home and all the rest that looks for me to do my best.

Well as I see now by the clock, I guess it's almost time to knock the ink out of my pen and close. With best regards to little Mose.

Your nephew,

Elpy.

P. S. Aunt Polly's box came Saturday. Tell her I said it's hard to say how glad I am she didn't send enough to feed the whole north end.

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What Keip Asked of Santa Claus:

A perpetual funny-paper
An all-week sucker
An infinite lunch-counter
Elastic chewing gum for times of stringency
A pipe: incombustum self-fulibisque ad occasum solis.

Prof in Chemistry: What does H Cl stand for Meyers?

Meyers: High Cost of Living.

Iky: (reviewing First Conjugation before exams)

Singular: Moony, spoony, lunny.

Plural: Hazy, lazy, crazy.

Future: Flunk, mad, quit.

Mr. Soucie: "Son, what does this 60 mean on your report card?"

Adolph: "Why, father that's the temperature of the class room."

We know that Elmer is a decided blond, but Harbor would like to know when he decided.

"Brevity is the soul of wit," sayeth Polonius. Inkrott would like to know if that's the reason why he can't be funny.

Favorite sport of the Fifth Class is adding up its daily zero's to get the average zero for the month.

Schnitz: "Our Religious class is a well balanced and quiet affair now."

Maloney: "How's that?"

Schnitz: "Why, we have McCormick in the front of the room and Flynn in the back."

Linder says, "Why worry about the high cost of living. Nickels will always be 60 cents a dozen."

Prof: "Who can name just **one** of the choirs of angels?"

Young man with bright future: "The Sixth Latins."

Prof: "That's correct. But you should say the Fallen angels."

Oberhauser: Ever see a circus viciosus?

I did; in Gary.

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